The Wellesley Magazine

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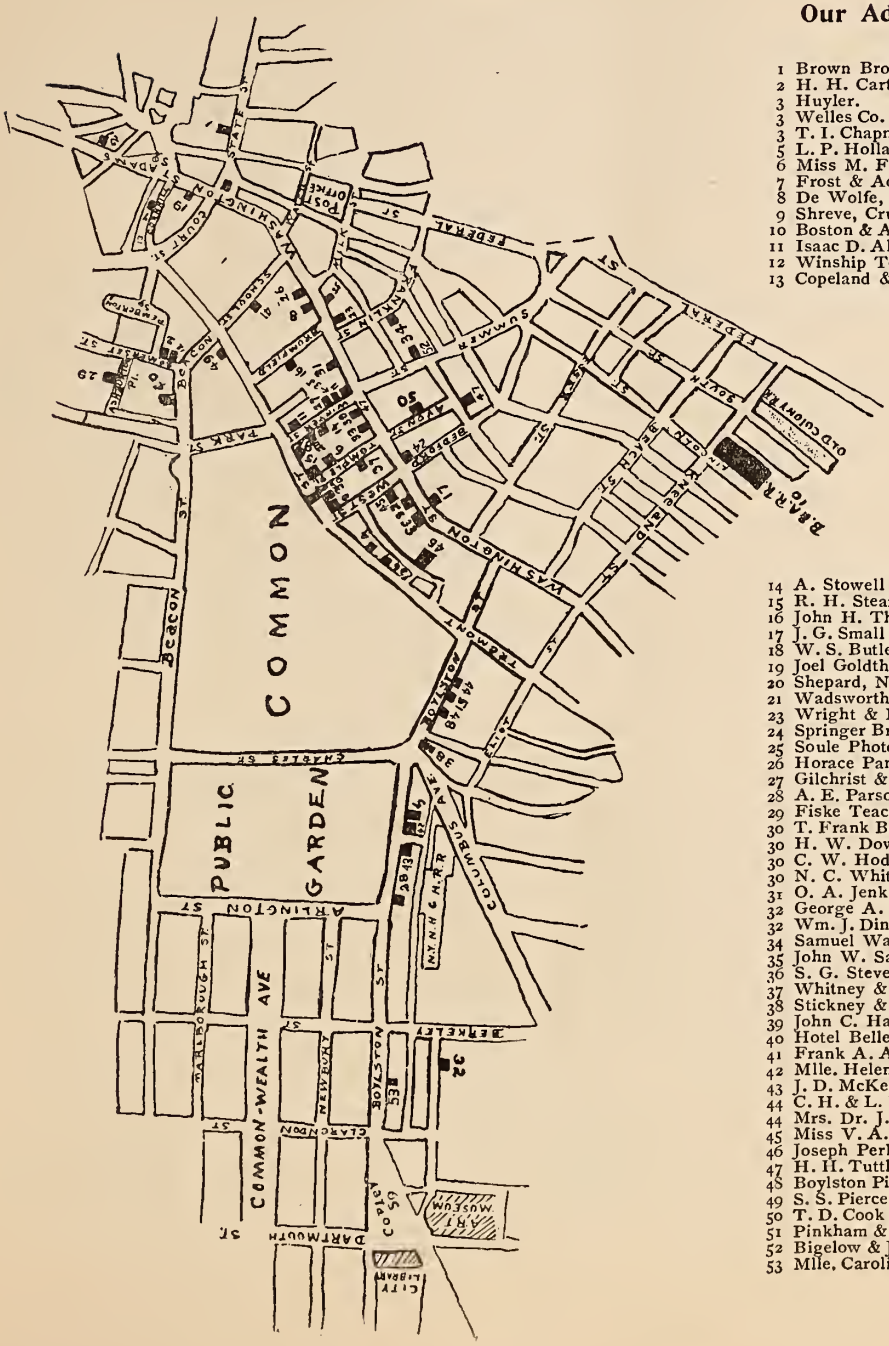

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THE DIVINE IN PHILOSOPHY.

ONE of the surprises which life holds for him who looks deeply enough is the wide diversity of forms in which the central source of power that feeds every real life appears. One soul finds its inner strength in religion, another in love and loyalty to human ties, and still another in the ideal life which art, or poetry, or music offers. Each one of these expressions may lift to the highest, to the Most High: he who is wholly loyal to its noblest aspect, its widest reaches, may thereby win his way to the central truth, and possess his heritage as child of God. The primary task of the individual is to discover which expression is suited to him. Temperament dictates what it shall be. When it has been found life should be consecrated to it, life should be strenuous effort to reveal in this form the Divine Power which presses to utter itself through us. For we must remember that to reveal God's might is the final cause of the existence of each of us: revelation is not the special

gift of prophet or seer, but the common task of humanity; revelation is not sealed from any one of us, but in exact measure to endeavor, truth and right are still revealed to and through each human being.

To-day I wish to speak of Philosophy as one of the forms in which the Divine life offers itself to man. This form has the same power to feed, to support, and uplift, as has religion, or love, or poetic vision, for its substance is identical with theirs: its different mode of expression is simply a specific presentation of the common truth which fits it for a certain class of minds, and it is essential that these minds should recognize in it their inalienable possession.

The critical mind is separated from the mind of the natural believer by a sharply defined line. The latter accepts by instinct: sometimes external evidence, historic statement, are final facts for him; or the majority, just because it is majority, carries convincing proof with its belief whatever it may be; or the voice of command generates obedience: "thus saith the Lord" is an ultimate admitting no further question; his religion and his ethics are the religion and the ethics of authority; again, he may be the intuitional mind which trusts personal insight without testing its rationality. The critical mind, however, is founded upon Reason as upon a rock; for it the testimonies of the past, the beliefs of the majority, the external commands, which are not grounded in Reason, seem the rain, and the floods, and the wind which have descended and beaten upon it through the ages, and have passed away, each in its turn, leaving it unshaken. The critical mind is Reason itself, which demands that all things shall be shown to be consistent with it, which asserts that rationality is the heart of existence, and until the rationality is seen, existence cannot be proved; cannot even be postulated.

To such minds the value of Philosophy is inestimable, since it affords to them a rational belief, and full reconciliation with life. Through Philosophy the vision of prophet and priest are confirmed, the logical grounds of the mystic's insight are uncovered, God is laid hold of by reason as surely as by faith, sight takes the place of feeling, life with its contradictions resolves itself into a logic, and appears as that unfolding of law which reason demands. Since God is the only necessity of life, and reconciliation with the facts of existence the condition of effective action, that which gives both to a class of minds has essential value in the economy of being.

Two of the most perplexing problems which meet us at every turn, and make reconciliation with life hardest, are the problem of evil and the apparent triviality of the ordinary life. Why should a God who is good, all-powerful, and infinite, allow evil—evil which is so cruel and so foul, which so wounds and hurts the innocent, which often stunts their growth and shapes them in its own likeness? If God can prevent evil and does not, is he good, is he morally better than a man who willingly tolerates it? If he cannot prevent it, he is not all-powerful; therefore not God. If he is infinite he must contain all things, therefore evil, therefore be not-good. If he does not contain evil, he is not infinite, therefore not God. Again, why should each of us be given so little ability and so little opportunity? Each longs for righteous power; power of thought, of action, of utterance. Each finds himself abjectly feeble, and even the tiny germs of capacity he may possess are so repressed and stunted by untoward circumstance that he remains insignificant always. Has this trivial, uninteresting, insignificant self and life any real meaning?

I will now try to put into words the solution which Philosophy gives to these two problems, and to show how, through them as through any bit of empirical consciousness, it leads us to a God who satisfies reason, who gathers the apparent contradictions of life into the unity of that nature of which each individual is a necessary aspect. Philosophy must mean for us idealistic philosophy; for philosophy is the search for truth, truth is one, hence philosophy cannot rest till it sees all being springing from its one central and generating source; only Idealism yields such monistic view: all Realism hides somewhere a lurking dualism; it follows that only Idealism can claim to have reached the goal of Philosophy: Realism remains always an unfinished attempt.

Idealistic Philosophy tells us that the stuff of which the world is made is self-consciousness: nothing but self-consciousness exists. Self-consciousness, however, is not the consciousness of the single individual: it is the product of the interrelation of all the single selves: the universe is a complex of selves the content of whose consciousness forms the physical and the spiritual world. This is a hard saying for the plain man, but the perception of its truth so clarifies life that to attain it is worth years of effort. The classical path to its attainment lies through Kant, Fichte,

Hegel. These men should be mastered by every one whom simple faith does not satisfy: the mind which recognizes its nature to be of the restless, questioning sort that is termed philosophic, and does not make the thought of these three thinkers its own, wrongs itself; whatever else it gains, it renounces its birthright. The substance of their ethical teaching I shall try to put before you in our discussion of the nature and the significance of evil and of the self.

If the world is self-consciousness, our first step toward comprehending the world is grasping the nature of self-consciousness. What does each of us do when he becomes conscious of self? Think of self now. What have you done? You have withdrawn your attention from the printed page which a moment before occupied it, and fastened it upon the activity which was reading the page. That is, you have mounted above the empirical self of a moment ago which was reading, and are now looking at it as reading. Your view is a larger one: then it held only the printed words or the not-self; now it holds both the self and the not-self, and sees them in their relation. But stop a moment! Am I right in saying "it holds the *self* and the not-self?" Is the *true self* of this moment the image of the reading self of a moment ago? Is not the true self, rather, the *wider view*, which holds two images of the past, a reading self and a read not-self—the printed page? It is. Through the activity of self-consciousness we expand the self, we cause it to hold the old self and the not-self, and to unite them as two elements of a new and larger self; we gain the power of constant growth, for we see and judge the empirical self and set it in right relations with its environment. Self-consciousness means perpetual conquest, for the not-self, the environment which for mere consciousness is a foreign force, an Other set over against it to dominate it, is reduced to an element of the greater self whose true being is the interaction of the empirical self and the not-self. Self-consciousness affords means of organizing life into an organic whole; when rightly understood, it is an escape from the tyranny of the personal self, from absorption in the petty isolation which makes each an individual, from the separation of selfishness, into the impersonality and community of relations—for in its essence it is a reduction of the personal being of each into mere element of a larger whole, where its only concern is to relate itself rightly with the whole, to merge its petty personality in organic membership.

If such development of nobler being through constant conquest and transcension of self and not-self, is the essence and condition of self-consciousness, to a world of self-consciousness, such development must seem the Good, and its opposite Evil. Evil is a resting in the personal self or the not-self; we rest in the self when we linger in its desires, its emotions, its thoughts, its deeds, instead of transcending them, judging the relation in which they stand to the true self, and so ordering them as to unfold this self as a harmonious, consistent whole. We rest in the not-self when the object of our desire fills our consciousness and exeludes thought of the true self and of its relation to the object. In such case our being is narrowed to the dimensions of the object.

The conclusion which we have now reached is that for a world of self-consciousness the Good must appear as the constant conquest of self and not-self, and the constant relating of the two as mere elements of a higher unity, while Evil is a refusal to rise above present empirical conditions.

What practical results follow? First we see that a world of self-consciousness must be a world of struggle, for the struggle itself, the act of conquering and rising above self and not-self is the very essence of this world and the soul of its good. Good means struggle. We see further that that against which we struggle is also good, for it is necessary means to the struggle. The only evil is laek of struggle.

Straightway a new aspeet is put upon each one of our lives: the imperfections of the given self, whether physical, or mental, or moral, are not evils *as given;* they exist as material for aetion; they are to be overcome and left behind, as the true self mounts to its wider compass; the limitations of the given not-self, whether poverty, or misfortune, or crime, are not evils *as given*, they exist that they may be righted, that by their conquest they may be introduced as elements of power into the higher self. The only evil for eaeh of us is the refusal to right self and not-self, and to set them in proper relation. The only evil for each of us lies in the will, hence it is in the power of eaeh to banish evil from his world, to consecrate his world as that holy struggle which is the soul of good.

So much for general conclusions. But we need more explicit direction for the conduct of life. Suppose we do transcend and judge self and not-self constantly,—ten thousand relations between them are possible,—how can we know which we should establish?

We know by hearing within self the utterance of the conviction of the One Absolute Mind. That this One Absolute Mind exists as a universal consciousness which gathers into itself the sum total of individual consciousness and infinitely transcends it, is the inevitable postulate of the doctrine of self-consciousness. This Universal Consciousness is the Kingdom of Law beholding itself. It holds in its view an ideal world which is the full and perfect unfolding of law, where all parts are so harmonized by law that completest development of each in its relation to the whole is ensured. This ideal world is a-realizing; the empirical selves, we as individuals, are the means of such realization. If we will, we can reach the full measure of the ideal of each one of us held in God's mind. Every man's life is a plan of God where its proportions are majestic. The function of the human will is to express this plan in forms of time and space. The plan, the ideal, is not revealed to us as a whole: it is revealed only step by step, and the means of its revelation are choice and conviction. At every moment a choice is presented us: we can think this thought or refuse to entertain it; we can indulge this feeling or banish it for a nobler; we can speak the word or hold our peace; we can do the deed or refrain. And with the alternative comes always the conviction which member we should choose: the higher self that we are to reach presses in upon us, up through us, as conviction. This conviction is the one holy thing in life; it is the Counsellor, the Spirit speaking to us; it is God making himself manifest, showing in what form He would realize himself in us. Its voice is immediate: it reveals itself to the individual alone; no other can declare it to him.

And the Good Will fixes attention unswervingly upon the conviction: it knows no other object of interest in life, for this is the true life. Its constant interrogation is: "What ought I at this moment to do? What is the content of the true self at this point of time and space?" This content always reveals itself. The Good Will holds itself unwavering before it whatever its form may be; it does not flinch; it stands steady with eye fixed upon the Right. And the Right shapes it into its own likeness: the Good Will and God's Will grow unconsciously one. For it is psychological truth that the human mind is a machine which is unconsciously transformed into that upon which it fixes exclusive attention; the not-machine in humanity is solely the power to look or not to look at the highest. That upon which the mental eye

steadfastly gazes becomes the creative force of each life: the beauty of holiness moulds us unconsciously into its image if it forever fills our vision, or evil dwarfs and deforms us if we look with longing at unholy things. In the unconscious shaping of self by the Right conscious struggle is transcended when we hold the vision firm; life becomes a perpetual inflowing of new sight and new might of God; the empirical self is forgotten in its steady approach toward identification with God.

Every moment in which the eye is turned away from the Right, some divine revelation is lost, for temptation is a call from God that he wills to show us a deeper truth than we have yet known. If we turn from the lower impulse and press upward with our whole being, with all its action and its passion towards the Right, the Right appears in more majestic form, its awful beauty, its eternal significance, its God-enduring power, shine in upon us with increasing clearness. The condition of sight is the single eye. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Purity is perception; holiness is insight.

Such ordering of growth is only rational. It would be unwise to grant us more till we have learned to control what we have. The end of our being is to realize the ideal which God holds before us. Until we have learned so to use our present powers as to realize what we already see it were useless to give us new powers. When we have learned, then new insight and new utterance will be granted,—and granted unceasingly as we go on realizing the given ideal. We shall pass from strength to strength, making visible the divine life in our daily living, becoming a vital force, a center of might, a strong column and support to the weaker wills about us. "Work in the will," is the cry to each, "for there alone do ye surely bring to pass and get enduring gains."

Can we turn away from such way of life? Do we not rather press forward upon it with passion? Must we not cry with St. Augustine: "Too late have I known thee, O Ancient Truth! Too late have I loved thee, O Ancient Beauty!"

Fatigue cannot deter. Suppose we do grow weary. To fight this very battle, to use all our power in looking unfalteringly toward the Right, is the purpose for which we are created. Surely strength will be given to do the task appointed us. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," is the command.

The struggle makes the humblest life a drama in which God is actor, and all lives equal, for every life reduces itself to the formula, "God and I," "God appearing in me." Within us lie the sources of interest; within us is found true fellowship, true community with Spirit.

Pain is at first our constant companion. But slowly Pain's face transforms itself: she is seen as the heavenly handmaid who brings deeper truth; we love her, we cling to her; she is the stimulus of life, the rouser of the self, the enlarger of being, the bringer of power.

O sacred Essence, lighting me this hour,
How may I rightly stile thy great power?
(*Echo*) Power.
Power! But from whence? From some diviner day?
Livest thou in Heaven? Saye.
(*Echo*) In Heavens aye.
In Heavens aye! Tell, may I power obtain
By alms, by fasting, prayer, by paine?
(*Echo*) By paine.
Show me the paine, it shall be undergone,
Power is my end. I to my end will still go on.
(*Echo*) Go on.
I go. Thee, Paine, I choose for closest friend.
Thou shalt me through the day and through the night attend.
Wring thou my heart at thine own will,
So thou with power my life dost fill.

One more task remains for the Good Will. It must remember that the conviction which it is to recognize and express is the conviction of the One Absolute Spirit, and not of the individual only. Being is organic, and its truth utters itself as a unity in all: in each member the wholeness of the organism expresses itself; as isolated from membership the part is without significance, without true being, for the truth of being is the organic interrelation which constitutes the organic whole. The function of the individual is to be mouthpiece of the judgments of the Universal Spirit; the warrant of the fidelity of its utterance in its harmony with the objective utterance of the world as a whole.

How can this harmony be proved? By applying the test of law. We have said that the ideal world which God holds in his mind in the Kingdom of Law, where every part is so subordinated to every part that all reciprocally generate and nourish one another. *We* are the process of real-

izing this Kingdom through our free wills. It is then the chief end of each individual to will to subordinate every impulse to law. "Act only on that impulse which thou canst at the same time will to become universal law."

What is the result of such willing of law? What is involved in Law? Existence. Law is not an *empty* form, a *mere* abstraction. Law is (1) an abstraction (2) from concrete cases (3) made by mind. If we have law we have the whole world of consciousness, the universe in all its richness, but the universe so ordered and marshalled as to ensure its own perpetuation, for law is that, obedience to which furnishes the conditions of its own existence; it is such ordering of particulars as is free from self-contradiction, from inward principle of destruction. For instance, "Thou shalt not kill" is law, since universal obedience to it ensures the existence of men, and thereby renders possible the continual dominion of law. "Thou shalt kill" is not law, since universal obedience to it would result in the destruction of the race, and of itself as active force. Immorality always involves self-contradiction. Suppose I will to lie. The condition of lying is that speaking the truth is the universal practice, otherwise words do not deceive. Therefore, in willing to lie I will at one and the same time that truth shall be universally spoken, and yet that some people shall not speak the truth. All immorality contains latent self-contradiction, the principle of self-destruction. Morality, on the other hand, as universal law, so organizes existence and activity that both may persist forever; the essence of morality in the individual is perfect self-identification with law; the essence of immorality is assuming the liberty of making an exception in one's own favor. The realization of law should be the aim of each life, and the self should be looked upon merely as the means for such realization, merely as the particular instance in which the general law expresses itself. Apply the test of law to every deed, and do only that which all men might forever do, and yet leave fullest existence undiminished and the possibility of eternally doing the same deed unimpaired.

In thus willing law in the moral world as God has willed it in the physical world, we become co-creators with God. God has organized nature for us. He grants to us, as his children, like power in organizing Spirit. We must do it through free will, since He is Freedom and we are his chil-

dren. The given selves are our raw material. In subjugating them to law we create a new entity, for, since law preserves and relates its particulars, it welds all men into a harmonious and interacting whole, into an organism where each member is an end for self and for every other member, or into a Kingdom of Ends. Hence the substance of the moral law may be expressed in the following terms: "So act as to treat humanity, whether in thine own person or in that of another, as an end withal, never as means only." According to this formula, morality consists in the reference of all action to the legislation which alone can render possible a Kingdom of Ends.

Duty has now taken concrete shape for us. The abstract formula, "Not only on that impulse which thou canst at the same time will to become universal law," is seen to involve the whole world of living human beings and their interrelation as members of an organic whole. Hence morality concerns itself with relations: "My station and its duties" sums up the moral law for each of us. To enter that station and fulfill its relations, as conviction within the limits of law bids us, is the concrete shape life should take. Such fulfillment of relations comprehends the whole duty of man. Fidelity to each organic entity of which we are members,—the family, the church, the college, the community,—is the essence of virtue. To think out the highest aspect of the relation of the member, and to be absolutely loyal to this highest aspect, completes the ideal task and the real task of the individual.

The Word thus reads: "Forever look within for the deepest conviction, forever test its truth by the form of law, forever express its reality in the concrete relations of life."

So do we live the God-life. So are we God's truth made visible. God would utter himself in each of the children of men; his utterance seeks a diversity as rich as their multiplicity, a unity as strong as their organic coherence. Therefore, to each he grants his own mode of recognition of him,—Faith, or Philosophy, or Love,—limiting each only in that he shall not extend his individuality beyond the limits of universal law.

Thus does Philosophy solve our problems. There is no evil save in the will; the will is realm where each is sole sovereign, hence each may banish evil from his world; there is no humble, no trivial life; each life is a point where God presses to appear in ever increasing majesty of form. Thus

does Philosophy reconcile us with life. It directs effort where success is assured and gains are imperishable; it shows us the self as the true field of conquest; it reveals the Good Will as the goal of being.

ANNA BOYNTON THOMPSON.

WHY MISS BETSY FORGOT CHOIR PRACTICE.

"THERE'S no use talkin', S'manthy, Jack 'll certainly come to-day or to-morrer. Why, it's full a week now sence he left." Miss Betsy sniffed suspiciously as she gave the butter two or three gentle little pats.

"Well, Miss Betsy, the Lord's will be done!" said Samantha, philosophically, and went on with her straining.

The kitchen was cool and pleasant that Friday afternoon, and if it had not been for the thought of Jack, Miss Betsy would have been utterly content. No one, for miles around, could bring butter to the rich gold Miss Betsy could, and no one, naturally, took a more complacent pride in that same fact than did she.

The making of this far-famed butter and her choir had been all in all to the little New England woman—till Jack came. He was nothing but a small, fluffy skye-terrier,—a mere bundle of mischief and fuzziness. He was a-quiver every minute of the day, and was so continually mixed up and tangled that you could rarely tell which end looked at you. But he was lovable, and he caused Miss Betsy and Samantha more delight and more anguish of soul than you could ever have believed such a little rascal capable. The week before, Miss Betsy had scolded him soundly for following her to choir practice. That night he disappeared, and nothing had been seen or heard of him since.

This choir practice was the last joy in Miss Betsy's life. As she stood by the organ every Sunday and quaveringly raised "Bethany," or "Refuge," her heart always swelled, and queer little feelings went up and down her spine. The people loved to have her sing, for her voice, despite its quavers, had still a quaint sweetness about it. Then as Deacon Lawrence said one day:—

"You can allers count on Miss Betsy, rain or shine. Her high notes is allers there, her low notes is allers there, and she's allers there. For most

twenty years now, every Friday night o' the world, regerler as clock work she passes our house. She goes a-trippin' and a-hoppin' down the road, for all the sakes like a little bird. Her head's quirk'd on one side and she's a kind o' hummin' and twitterin' low like. Then that fly-away, bobtail rocket of a Jack's allers trying to bounce along after her. Much ez she loves him, though, she's that straight with him she won't never let him follow her Friday nights and Sundays. Heard anything uv him lately? Miss Betsy's pretty well broke up 'bout losin' him I reckon."

The afternoon's work was almost finished in the kitchen. "Well, S'manthy," Miss Betsy said, "that's done now. You might as well set away the rest o' the milk though. Put it in the pantry. I don't jest feel like workin' any longer to-day. Guess I'll go out in the garden and pick the strawberries for tea. Keep a lookout for Jack, will you? He might come, you know, and we'll have to get him in, else he'll surely post off to church." Miss Betsy furtively wiped her eyes on one corner of her apron. What wouldn't she give "for the sweet torment o' coaxin' that young rascal in 'fore seven o'clock jest once more."

At last she stood before the hall mirror and slowly tied on her bonnet. Tea time had come and passed, but no Jack. She had gone for one final look at his favorite corner, "in hopes he might ha' slipped in unbeknownst," but still no Jack. Just then a most terrific clatter from the kitchen and a call from Samantha startled her.

"For the land sakes, I 'most tipped that stand over! S'manthy must stop scarin' a body's wits out of 'em like that."

"Oh, Miss Betsy! a burgler's gettin' in the pantry winder! Come quick! Come quick!"

"Keep still, S'manthy, can't you! Wait, and I'll get the poker."

Thus armed Miss Betsy tiptoed to the pantry, and softly turned the door knob. Then with a plunge she plumped into the closet, brandishing aloft her poker. There was nothing apparently there, however.

"Bring a light, can't you, S'manthy. I'm mos' stiff, a-starin' in the dark like this."

A splash and a whine made Miss Betsy look on the floor after the light arrived. There in a jar of milk sat Jack, looking pitifully up at her. His nose and ears were all that was visible above the milk.

"Well! ef you ain't a pretty sight, you young scalawag, you!" was Miss Betsy's sole ejaculation, in most loving tones. She tenderly lifted him out, and took the quivering bundle of wet, straggly softness up close, unmindful of dress or bonnet strings.

"Bring a blanket, S'manthy, and a tub o' warm water." Then Miss Betsy sat down on the floor and scrubbed and coddled to her heart's content.

An hour or so later, after Jack had had some warm gruel, and, squirming and wriggling, had been tucked away to sleep, Miss Betsy's hands went up to her head. She felt her bonnet. She sank back on the sofa, folded her arms and looked up at Samantha.

"S'manthy," she said, "whatever shall I do? I clear forgot where I was goin'!"

'98.

STEVENSON'S LETTERS AND ESSAYS.

"VITAL,—that's what I am at first: wholly vital, with a buoyancy of life." Stevenson's cry from the remote South Seas to his friend in London, seems to vibrate still with the ceaseless energy of the man who uttered it. In this spontaneous outburst to his friendly critic the romancer speaks of his tales; but the reader cannot fail to apply the words with equal force to Stevenson's other work, for the same life principle animates every page. The secret charm of all his work is its buoyant vitality. The four volumes of essays,—essays critical, reflective, descriptive, and reminiscent,—leave on the reader's mind an impression of the dominating vital energy that pervades them. In reading letters and essays together it is impossible to separate the man and his work, for the great qualities of the one are the great qualities of the other. Indeed the letters themselves,—those intimate disclosures of the courageous spirit which has wrought such enduring magic into the name *Vailima*,—are of value chiefly for the clearer light they throw upon this alert personality whose shadow in the essays so fascinates us.

The supreme gift of Stevenson's mind, the power that sustains his unflagging vitality, is what Lowell has termed a "prevailing imagination." This is the source of his versatility. In any one of the six volumes of essays and letters we may meet the romancer, the critic, the portrait painter, the good comrade, the humorist, the poet; yet it is always the same man

who speaks, and speaks eloquently, out of that abundant imagination which has revealed to him the mysteries of human experience.

I mention the romancer here because Stevenson did not cease to be a romancer when he wrote essays and letters; nor can it be denied that much of the spirited energy of his work is due to his quick grasp of a romantic situation. He not only gives us his idea of a good romance, and shares with us his delight in "dearest d'Artagnan;" he also transforms by his own magic touch everything he handles. From the tangled threads of fact scattered about him, the swift shuttle of his imagination weaves unfading figures of romance. No incident is too small, no suggestion too broad for his ready attention. "True romantic art," he says, "makes a romance of all things. It reaches into the highest abstraction of the ideal; it does not refuse the most pedestrian realism."

The animated descriptions of daily life in Samoa show Stevenson's peculiar susceptibility to the fascination of romantic surroundings. Every fight with a sensitive plant, or council of native chiefs, is full of exciting adventure. Indeed, these two volumes of letters, with their story of war and intrigue, might themselves pass muster as a romance of no uncertain charm. Stevenson appreciates the value of his own experience. He finds a world of suggestion in every circumstance; he sees what is, and knows what might be. In one letter he refers to a sudden baseless emotion that swept over him as he stood, one day, before his Samoan home.

"I knew I had found a frame of mind that belonged to Scotland. . . . Very odd, these identities of sensation, and the world of connotations implied; highland huts, and peat smoke, and the brown swirling rivers, and wet clothes, and whiskey, and the romance of the past, and that indescribable bite of the whole thing at a man's heart, which is,—or rather lies at the bottom of,—a story."

Another vitalizing quality is the world-wide sympathy of Stevenson's work. The imagination that so readily dives to the bottom of a story, touches the depths of human hearts, and thus learns that swift insight which makes the writer an appreciative critic, portrait painter, and comrade. Stevenson as a critic I have not the hardihood to discuss, nor have I any wish but to reveal in some measure my own enjoyment in his writing; yet whatever be the final opinion as to the value of his critical essays, it will not be

denied that he discovers the personality of his man. As we read these papers, Robert Burns, Yoshida-Torajiro, and Samuel Pepys stand living before us, because of Stevenson's sympathetic attitude toward those whose lives and works he studied.

"To write with authority about another man," he says, "we must have fellow-feeling and some ground of common experience with our subject. It is only by virtue of some relationship that we can be his judges."

In the portraits, drawn here and there with the seeming carelessness of a sure hand, the artist's insight is so well matched by his skill, that the pictures paint themselves on the memory. We can summon at once to our minds the supple form of the Samoan woman washing windows, or that portrait by Raeburn of the man "who sits looking out at you with inimitable innocence, and apparently under the impression that he is in a room by himself." Clearest of all appears the figure of sturdy John Todd, "oldest herd on the pentlands," who trudges after his sheep with dogs at his heels. His face is "permanently set and colored; ruddy and stiff with weathering; more like a picture than a face; yet with a certain strain and threat of anger in the expression, like that of a man trained too fine, and harassed with perpetual vigilance." We still hear "the sudden, loud haw-haw, hearty, but somehow joyless, like an echo from a rock."

The reader, as well as the hero, comes in for a share of Stevenson's ready comradeship. He gives and demands sympathy. While he paints you a picture or tells you a story, he does not forget your presence. These essays, indeed, speak to the ear as well as to the eye; reading them is like listening to the best of talkers. You are immensely flattered by his confidential air, and remain unaware of your own silence in this one-sided conversation. After his quick appeal to your sympathy,—"If you look back on your own education,"—you think you see him stretch his long legs, and take a reminiscent whiff at his pipe, before he goes on to speak for his own part. With extraordinary sparkle and energy his fancy, instead of trickling impotently away in divergent rivulets, pours forth in a translucent stream that clarifies the turbid current of your own thought, and sets the springs of your imagination a-bubbling. And in the Vailima Letters we find the same appreciative comradeship endearing Stevenson to the untouched barbarian hearts of the Samoan chiefs, who, for love of this man, abandoned their dignified indolence to build with their own hands "The Road of Loving Hearts."

It is impossible to enjoy his company and not laugh often and heartily. Yet his spontaneous humor is of the evanescent sort that cannot be roughly handled. No essay is free from it, yet no extract will adequately reveal it. Only in continued reading do we break into sudden laughter at the gentle apparition of Professor Kelland standing, pointer in hand, at the blackboard, with "an affectionate glitter in his eyeglasses." And his quondam pupil adds, "I never knew but one other man who had so kind a spectacle." Stevenson's humor is not a mood, but a deep-seated characteristic, flashing out in bright moments as well as when "the lights are turned down."

Even more pervasive is his love for out-of-door life, his poetic susceptibility to the power of natural scenery. It is because his senses are so alert that we receive such vivid impressions from his descriptions,—impressions not merely of objects in a landscape, but of the color, sound, temperature, and atmosphere. There is intense heat in the Vailima Letters; and there are rainstorms of such battering force that you expect to see the heavy crystal rods slanting across your own window, when you glance up from the page. The diving episode in "Random Memories," gives the reader an experience of green light, of silence, of buoyant motion, which, in reality, cannot be enjoyed outside a diving bell. Stevenson's peculiar sensitiveness to sound is always striking, but perhaps nowhere better illustrated than in the essay on "An Old Pacific Capital." There we hear the surf breaking "up and down the long keyboard of the beach." The noise of the waves pursues us to distant parts of the town, where "the roar of water dwells in the clean, empty rooms of Monterey as in a shell upon the chimney."

Each of these striking qualities of Stevenson's mind, which I have tried briefly to indicate, adds to that vigor of thought which is his in so large a measure. Because of his sensitive, poetic nature and spontaneous humor; because of his insight into the lives of men, his bold love of adventure and experience, and "that bite of the whole thing at a man's heart," which makes the romancer,—because of all these things his work has vitality. And of these activities the motive power, the power that includes and combines and remodels them into living impressions, is his all-embracing imagination.

Imagination alone, however, is like faith without works; and no one knew better than Stevenson that the vitality of his writing must depend largely upon skill in wedding thought to words. "The words, if the book

be eloquent, should run thenceforward in our ears like the noise of breakers." In his own books many surging phrases resound with eloquence which, although intrinsically a gift of genius, has been perfected by long and patient training to which the ambitious young truant subjected himself. We are all so familiar with the opening pages of "A College Magazine" that we can easily picture the boy, pencil in hand, at the roadside, intent on his play business, which was to learn to write. Not satisfied with this practice he must "play the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth," and a score of others. That the boy did at least learn to be a writer, we all gratefully acknowledge, when we feel the man's power in the essays, and recognize the magnetic force of words which leads us to call Stevenson what he himself called Victor Hugo,—"A great contemporary master of wordmanship."

No man ever worked more conscientiously. To be an artist meant to be an earnest, clear-minded, judicious laborer, who had learned to still "the last heart throbs of that excited amateur who has to die in all of us before the artist can be born." In the letters to Mr. Colvin we find the artist working, sometimes painfully, often easily and delightedly, and always with conscious effort to produce a given effect, an effect of life. After a "damning" letter from Mr. Colvin, Stevenson writes:—

"It is not the technicalities that shocked you, it was my bad art. It is very strange that X. should be so good a chapter, and IX. and XI. so uncompromisingly bad. If X. had not cheered me up I should be in doleful dumps, but X. is alive, anyway, and life is all in all."

A faculty, more natural than acquired, of telling the truth, seems to me to be another secret of Stevenson's vital power. Strict veracity is more uncommon than is ordinarily acknowledged. It is the lazy custom of most of us to say less or more than our own idea of the truth. Stevenson does not dodge; he is honest. Such a courageous spirit of veracity must inevitably add to the vigor of expression. And a natural preference for straightforward statement, together with skillful wordmanship and loyalty to the highest standard, must lead to a compactness and elasticity of form upon which depends much of the life and movement which we find in "Eldorado," "Pulvis et Umbra," "Fontainebleau," and many other essays, but perhaps nowhere more conspicuously than in "Walking Tours."

I can think of no essay, in fact, which better illustrates the dominating characteristic of Stevenson's work, than this one on "Walking Tours." Vitality pervades it; it is vital in imaginative power, vital in expression. The eager delight of the reader is the best commentary on its spirited influence. Here, as Stevenson strides along the country road, the romantic enjoyment of a new scene and of possible adventures, keeps his senses alert; and, although he goes alone, his fancy dwells in kindly and critical fashion on other and unknown wayfarers. He takes you jocosely into his confidence, until you involuntarily exclaim, "What good company Stevenson is when he is by himself!" A delicate humor, and the poet's love for open fields and shadowy woods are fresh at every hedgerow. And always the words go swinging on to suit the random fancies. Thoughts and phrases keep to the road and grow strenuous with the straining muscles, or drowsy with the loitering form in the warm shade. Read for yourself, if you have not already read, and see if the essay is not "vital with a buoyancy of life," which Stevenson, and Stevenson alone, could give it. Read "in quest of certain jolly humors—of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morning, and the peace and repletion of the evening's rest." And as the peace and repletion of the evening's rest steal over you, I am no prophet if it does not seem to you "as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream."

GRACE L. COOK, '99.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Say not, O ye who read in ancient story
  Of knights who died for truth, or maid who gave
All worldly wealth to famine-stricken people,
"We have no maids so true, no knights so brave!"

We still have knights, men strong and loyal-hearted;
  Who conquer wrong in their own quiet way,
Uncheered by people's shout or comrade's plaudit,
  They fight the shadowy foe-ranks of to-day.

And she who takes in love a child's small off'ring,
  With kindly word, that in the child's heart lives
Through after years, like some sweet strain of music,
  Is not less great of soul than she who gives.

ANNA P. CHANDLER, '98.

A STORY OF OLD BOSTON.

It was near the close of a damp, chilly afternoon in late November. The wind, rising as evening drew on, swept rudely around corners, and whistled with a kind of grim mirthfulness, as it drove before it, down the street, myriads of wet brown leaves that scurried along, turning tiny somersaults, and tumbling over each other in their haste to escape. Then, at last, tired out and utterly discouraged, they flung themselves, here and there, desperate and shivering against the fences, while the dried ghosts of the blossoms still clinging to the dahlia bushes inside, shook their faded red and yellow heads in disconsolate sympathy. Far down in the sky a band of crimson showed where the sun was setting, as if he too, grown tired of the disagreeable day, has decided to leave it as early as the least regard for appearances would allow.

There were no lights in any of the houses that stood dark and forbidding on either side the road, for in the fall of 1777 every extra penny was hoarded for the army, and the careful housewife saved even her candles, to send to the absent father or son, that they might give what cheer and comfort they could through the long cold winter nights in camp.

In fact, the only hint of brightness one seemed able to find on that dismal afternoon, shone in the face of little Polly Harding as, clicking the gate behind her, she stepped out into the street. The wind, in protest at any bit of happiness, rudely tossed the brown hair about her face, but Polly's blue eyes only smiled the brighter as they looked out from the tangle of rough curls, and Polly herself only settled the basket she carried more firmly on her arm, and pulled her shawl more closely about her, then started resolutely down the street. But although she seemed so brave, Polly was worried that afternoon. For the first time in her life, the financial question had assumed a most troublesome and even threatening aspect. Her father had been killed in the war almost a year before, and since that time only hard work with the strictest economy had kept the little family, mother and Polly and baby Joe, from want. They had struggled bravely, for though poor, Dr. Harding had belonged to one of the best and proudest of the old families of Boston, and rather than depend in the slightest degree upon charity, his wife had worked harder than anyone knew, and Polly had done

her best to help. But even the ruffled caps and kerchiefs ironed by her mother with such dainty care, and the long knitted blue stockings, Polly's share toward the family income, had failed of late to wholly supply even necessities, and more than once, as she hurried along the dreary road, Polly's clasp on the basket-handle tightened unconsciously as she thought with terror of an almost empty flour-barrel at home.

She was going now to return some work to Mistress Hubbard, who lived in the big white house on the hill, just at the edge of town, where Beacon Street lost itself in fields and meadows. This was one of the places where Polly liked to go. She was always sure of a welcome and smile from kind-faced Mrs. Hubbard, while she counted out the money for the work, and it was pleasant, after the long walk, to rest in the big warm kitchen, with its wide fire-place, and watch old Aunt Nancy, the cook, working, with the mysterious air of some creative genius, it always seemed to Polly, over the flour and spices which would come out in due time one of her own wonderful cakes; or listen to the merry chatter of the pretty housemaids as they tried to obey her endless orders.

The room seemed more than usually inviting on this dreary afternoon, when after the tiresome scramble along the driveway that led up the hill, and rather a timid knock Polly found herself within. The cheeriest of fires blazed and crackled on the broad hearth, and the flames leaped and danced as if trying to stand on tiptoe to see themselves in the bright pewter plates on the quaint old dresser opposite, while the rows of plates twinkled and shone in such merriment at their unsuccess that the whole dresser seemed breaking out into laughter. An unusual air of hurry too, was abroad, and everyone seemed busy. Aunt Nancy's pans and bowls, more numerous than ever before, were piled on every table, and through the half-open store-room door Polly caught glimpses of long rows of cakes and jellies, set out in pretty molds, while, whenever the oven door was opened, warm spicy whiffs floated out which were snuffed up by Polly's cold little nose with involuntary gratefulness.

She stood for a moment by the fire watching Aunt Nancy's deft hand beating some golden batter in a bowl, and listening to the stray scraps of talk, from which she made out that something unusual was about to happen, while she waited until Mrs. Hubbard should be told that she had come.

Presently the maid returned saying that her mistress would see her upstairs. Polly picked up her basket, taking unconsciously one last hungry little sniff of the spicy air as she left the room, for such odors were quite rare at home of late.

She knew the way to Mrs. Hubbard's room, and was always glad when summoned there, for she liked to find her way through the wide hall and up the big dim staircase. The house, too, she noticed, had a fresh and bright appearance, as if only recently rearranged.

"I wonder what is going to happen," thought Polly, glancing enquiringly at the portrait of an old gentleman in an immense wig and black gown, who stared down at her with seeming surprise every time she passed. Polly wondered if he would never get used to her. But the famous judge, wise as he looked, made no answer, and Polly, with undiminished curiosity, went quickly up the stairs and into Mrs. Hubbard's room.

There was no one there when she entered, but a dress of heavy silk lay where it had been carelessly thrown on the bed. The light from the window near by fell on its rich folds, bringing out their shimmering rose and silver, and Polly soon forgot everything else, for the time, in wonder at its beauty. Mrs. Hubbard coming in a moment later found her so, and smiled as Polly, after bowing with her usual quaint courtesy, let her eyes fall on the rich old lace she carried in her hand.

"You like the pretty things?" she asked, kindly, shaking out the creamy lengths before the girl's delighted eyes.

"Oh, madam, I cannot help it. No one could, I'm sure," and Polly breathed a soft sigh of satisfaction as she touched the shining silk. Mrs. Hubbard took the basket and busied herself in laying out the linen it contained, still, however, watching Polly closely as she stood quietly by, her eyes still fixed on the beautiful dress on the bed.

"There, my child," she said at last, "I am pleased, as I ever am, with your mother's work, and here is the money," counting it out into Polly's hand as she spoke. She called a servant, and handing her the basket, said, smiling, "Nancy has just made some of her good bread that your mother likes so well, and you must let me send her some, you can carry it easily in the basket." Polly thanked her, and turned to go, but before she could reach the door, Mrs. Hubbard called her back. "Wait a moment, child," she said.

But she stood silent after Polly had come baek to her. It seemed as though she did not know just how or where to begin what she wished to say.

"Polly, do you think you could do something for me?" she began at last, "something that would help me very mueh?" Polly looked at her wonderingly. "We are to have a reception and a dinner here to-morrow evening for General Washington." Mrs. Hubbard went on, "Perhaps you know, Polly, that he has been in town for a short time, a fortnight, I believe, on business connected with the war. There are many of his offieers in the city, too. There will be a goodly company here in all," with a touch of pride in the handsome faee under its snowy cap.

"And so, Polly, I have thought of a service which must needs be done, and which I have hoped that you might be able to do for me. It is easy—only to help the ladies lay off their wraps up here before they go down, and to help them arrange their hair if it should be necessary, for some of them will come from quite a distance. I have heard that you had deft fingers, Polly, and I have need of them. I hope you will not disappoint me." She finished with a kind smile and half-pleading gesture, whieh would have won the girl if she had not been already eaptivated by the idea. A little quiver of delight thrilled from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. To see all those beautiful dresses, to have a part in all the excitement! Polly's heart beat fast.

There was small variety in the quiet days at home, and she had longed unconsciously, more than onee, for something a trifle more enlivening than the knitting, which occupied most of her time. So the chance for a change, no matter for how short a time, assumed great proportions to her imagination. Mrs. Hubbard looked into the eager face and smiled at her suceess.

"But, Polly, if you will do it, you must let me pay you for your trouble," she said, gently. She tried to put it as delieately as possible, but Polly's face fell at the mention of money, and a shadow came into the shining eyes. "I don't believe mother would let me," she said. "She doesn't like to do things much for money anyway, you see." "No, I know she doesn't," and Mrs. Hubbard sighed as she thought of the needs of the family, better known to her at this time than to them themselves, for she had been told of the sore trouble that overhung the little household, unless help in

some shape should come to them soon, and her kind heart moved with sympathy, she had thought over many ways in which to try and aid them, and had at last hit upon this as being most feasible. She would pay Polly liberally for her service.

"But this is different, child. I need you so much. It will be a real help to me. Someone must be here, and I cannot spare any of the maids. Besides, it is you that I want." The voice was so eager that a part of Polly's confidence returned. "You must ask your mother. Perhaps I can see her myself. I think she will let you come."

With a heart lighter than it had been for many a day, Polly hurried back along the road toward home, breaking involuntarily into an ecstatic little skip as she thought of the sum mentioned by Mrs. Hubbard in payment for her services.

"It's not such a dreadful day after all," she laughed, and even the forlorn marigolds nodded approval as she skipped gayly past. "For I'm just sure mother will let me go," she added. And in truth she told her story with such a take-it-for-granted air that it was good news, and with so much anxious pleading in her eyes that Mrs. Harding could not refuse.

"It's the dealing of Providence with us, Polly, and we mustn't complain at the ways of Providence," she said finally, and with these words the the last cloud over Polly's happiness vanished. Her head was full of visions that evening, and the cups and saucers went down with a merry little clatter as she set the table for tea, retailing meanwhile to Joe a highly particularized account of the afternoon's proceedings, together with the most vivid description of the coming reception.

When the evening came at last, her mother helped her dress in the little short-waisted white organdie, her best and only party-gown, but which seemed to Polly the perfection of loveliness. She gazed at herself for a moment when all was finished in supreme content, and in truth the little maiden with her shining eyes and the fluffy brown curls so carefully brushed did make a pretty picture.

"Bring me some cake, please, Polly! Don't forget to bring me some cake!" cried Joe, dancing around her while Mrs. Harding wrapped her up in a heavy shawl.

Polly could see the Hubbard place long before she reached it, for the

light streamed out from every window, and the house on the hill was, without doubt, the brightest place in Boston that evening.

There was a subdued air of excitement everywhere when she entered, and the whole place seemed to her wonderfully transformed. The wide hall which ran through the house almost from end to end, had been draped with flags, and they hung, too, above the landing where the staircase turned, and all about the rooms. They reminded Polly of the flags that had waved at the head of the regiment on the day when her father had marched away. The house seemed full of servants who were hurrying about, putting the last touches here and there, and lighting the groups of tall wax candles. She followed one of the maids upstairs, who, after telling her just what she was to do, hurried away again.

Left alone, Polly wandered restlessly from one big chair to another, waited anxiously for some one to come, growing finally rather nervous as the moments passed and nothing occurred to break the silence that rested everywhere. She had just begun to wish that she were safely at home when she heard a carriage roll up before the house and stop; doors opened and closed below, there was a subdued sound of laughing and talking, followed by a hurry of light feet on the stairs and, a moment afterward, the door opened and a young lady stepped into the room and looked about with a half-enquiring glance, then smiled as her eyes fell on Polly. Polly courtesied and timidly offered her services. But the young lady accepted them apparently with so much gratitude, and talked to her in such a sweet gracious way, that she was soon put at ease and found herself laughing and answering her questions almost as freely as though she had always known her; and before the few moments during which they were alone had passed, Polly felt that her heart had been completely won. She thought her so beautiful, this tall young girl with her deep blue-gray eyes and heavy dark hair. Miss Van Tassnar, she said her name was, Miss Dorothy Van Tassnar, and she did not live in Boston, but in New York. She was only spending the winter in Boston.

The room filled rapidly after this. Carriage after carriage stopped before the door, and the laughing and talking down stairs increased. Polly was busy enough now, tying a ribbon here, fastening a buckle there, hurrying about from one to another, and thoroughly enjoying herself through it all. Her timidity had entirely vanished,—they were all so good and kind to her.

She had just finished drawing on the mitts of one of the older ladies, when there was a stir among the group of young girls gathered at one side of the room.

"Oh, what a beautiful pin!" "Do let me see it!" "Is this the one that came from England?"

Polly looked up and saw Miss Van Tassnar coming toward her, followed by the rest of the group. She walked up to the long mirror, tried the effect against her hair of a pin she held in her hand, and at last offered it laughingly to Polly.

"Do you think you could put it in, my little maid? I do not seem to be able to do it to suit me when they all insist upon staring at me so."

All eyes were fixed on the pin as Polly took it. It was a beautiful thing, made simply of large pearls held together by tiny twists of gold. There was something fairy-like in its frail delicacy.

"I have heard so much about that pin, that I've always wanted to see it. You do not wear it very often, do you?" asked some one, as Polly fastened it against the rich dark hair that brought out still more the wonderful luster of the pearls.

"Only on state occasions," laughed Miss Van Tassnar; then more seriously, "I am wearing it to-night for General Washington's sake."

"And for Colonel Thornton's," came in a mischievous tone from one of the girls.

Miss Van Tassnar only laughed, and tried to change the subject with a gay little remark about its being such an old-time thing that no one cared particularly to see it, but Polly was not the only one who saw the bright color in her cheeks.

"Was it really Queen Anne's once?" asked some one, evidently trying to come to her aid.

"Yes," she answered, quietly; "Queen Anne gave it to my great-grandmother, and it was old then. We do not know when it was made. Father thinks a great deal of it just because it is so old, and I very seldom wear it for the very same reason. But there is supposed to be some charm about it. It is said that something very fortunate always happens soon to any one who is with the lady who wears this pin. And I surely would not have worn it but for General Washington. You know Mrs. Hubbard has promised that I

shall meet him and talk with him to-night, and to wear the pin was all that I could do to help him, since I cannot go to the war myself." She finished gayly, but added more seriously: "I only wish I could go. He surely needs help."

Then to escape the laughter and questions which followed, she slipped out from Polly's hands and declared that she was ready to go down.

Polly watched with wistful eyes as the women, with a soft rustle of silken skirts, passed in little groups of two or three down the broad stairway, leaving the rooms above silent and deserted. She wandered for a time up and down the empty hall, listening to the low hum of voices that floated up to her. Mrs. Hubbard had said that she might go down and watch them, and had promised that she should have a place where she might see it all undisturbed. Polly's heart beat high at the thought of seeing Washington, but Mrs. Hubbard seemed to have mysteriously disappeared. She had not seen her since she came, and in spite of her impatience as the minutes slipped by and no one came to see about her, as she had half hoped they would, Polly could not muster up courage enough to go down alone.

At last, leaning over the banister to peep at the gay confusion below, she caught sight of Miss Van Tassnar as she passed through the hall on the arm of a gentleman. She was laughing and talking, and suspected nothing of the silent little figure above, but an irresistible impulse seized Polly to follow her. She knew Miss Dorothy anyway, and would not feel entirely alone.

Without giving herself time to think about it, she ran softly down the steps and found herself in the throng below. She paused irresolutely at the foot of the staircase. She could find no face that looked familiar, neither Mrs. Hubbard nor Miss Van Tassnar were anywhere about, and no one took the least notice of her, or seemed to see that she was there. Polly was half tempted to hurry back again, when she caught sight of a curtain swaying to and fro in the next room. She knew the wide window seat that lay behind it, and, slipping into it, drew the curtain close about her with a sigh of relief as she found herself so comfortably stationed, and then turned her attention to the gay scene around her.

There had been few social events of any kind during that dreary winter; but the reception for General Washington, at the old Hubbard place, was

long remembered as one of the most brilliant Boston had ever known. To Polly the scene was one of wonderful magnificence and splendor,—the long, flag-draped rooms, with their groups of flashing candles, the beautiful dresses of the ladies, the stately gentlemen, with their powdered hair and shining buckles, everything was beyond all she had ever imagined.

She tried to find Miss Van Tassnar among the couples who passed her, and at last discovered her quite near. She was sitting in a large chair in the midst of a group of gentlemen and ladies, laughing and talking with them all, though Polly noticed that she seemed to listen with closest attention to the man in the uniform of an officer who leaned against the back of her chair.

By and by the others moved away; but the handsome young officer stayed. They were so near that Polly could almost hear what they said, and she watched them, wondering if it could be Colonel Thornton with Miss Dorothy. They seemed to be talking earnestly, and presently Polly noticed that Colonel Thornton, for she felt sure it must be he, held the pearl pin in his hand, while Miss Dorothy appeared to be explaining something about it to him.

Then she took it herself, and after pointing out what looked to Polly like a tiny circle engraved upon it, put it back in her hair, laughed, and half rose as if to move away. But even then Colonel Thornton did not go. He seemed to be asking, half seriously, and half in fun, for one of the flowers she wore in her dress, "to take back to camp with me," Polly heard him say; and she wondered why it was that Miss Van Tassnar did not give him one, instead of appearing so unwilling, although she laughed and flushed, and tried so hard to keep him from taking one himself.

Polly had become so interested in watching the two that she did not notice how many had left the room. But just at this moment, as a stately old gentleman stepped up to Miss Dorothy, she saw that it was nearly empty.

"Our hostess has told me that I am to have the pleasure of taking you out to dinner, Miss Van Tassnar," said the gentleman, offering his arm with a profound bow. Miss Dorothy looked up in some surprise. She had evidently not noticed that he was near until he spoke, and Colonel Thornton, too, surely could not have been aware of his presence, for just as the gentleman came up he had drawn the pin from Miss Dorothy's dark hair,

and was about to show her what he had done, as if in playful revenge for the flower refused him, when she rose.

"Thank you. Shall we go now?" she said, and with a mischievous bow to Thornton, she took the gentleman's arm and moved away. She had not seen the pin, and he stood awkwardly holding it. Miss Van Tassnar had already reached the middle of the floor, and it would not do to rush after her and restore it now.

Besides, he became aware just at this moment that Mrs. Hubbard was trying to attract his attention, and as she caught his eye she made a slight motion toward a young girl who seemed to be waiting for him, and whom, he suddenly remembered, he had been asked to take out to dinner. He felt exceedingly annoyed at the awkwardness of his position, for they were all evidently waiting for him, and, although his hostess was smiling, he thought he perceived some surprise on her face.

He was standing near the fireplace, and hastily slipping the pin behind a picture that stood at one end of the tall mantelshelf, he went quickly across to the young girl, and offering his arm with a few words of apology, went out with the others.

After they had gone and the room was clear, Polly stepped softly out from her hiding-place and slipped away upstairs. She was to stay all night at the house, and knowing that she was not expected to help again, tired out with the excitement of the evening, she was soon fast asleep in the little room set apart for her, and the rest of the evening was only a dream for Polly.

Downstairs the gay laughter and talk went on through the long dinner, and the hostess, glancing down the table with the silver flashing in the light of the tall candles, and surrounded by the bright faces of her guests, felt not a little pride at her success. But the faces grew more serious and thoughtful as Washington and his officers were toasted again and again, and earnest speeches were made in praise of the commander and his brave soldiers struggling with cold and hunger through the long winter nights in camp. A shadow seemed to fall over the company as Washington told of the army's hardships; and if there was only sadness in Miss Dorothy's usually bright face, as she glanced across the table at Colonel Thornton, no one noticed it, or wondered why it was.

Then the guests parted, the men, many of them, to go back to camp, and the women to hope at home, doing all in their power to help; and the carriages rolled away, the candles were put out, and the rooms were left empty and silent again. In its hiding-place in the dark parlor, the pearl pin still lay, forgotten, and a few scattered rose leaves on the floor and Polly were the only ones who knew where it was or how it came there. But the rose leaves, though they knew, could not tell, and Polly was fast asleep.

. . . . . .

One windy afternoon, several months later, Polly was again on her way to Mrs. Hubbard's.

She walked slowly up the hill, for the wind was strong and came sweeping down with such force that it was hard to hold her own against it. She was glad to rest in the warm kitchen and watch Aunt Nancy, who, as usual, was busy with her baking.

But something was evidently wrong with Aunt Nancy. She scarcely noticed Polly, though she usually had a warm welcome for her, and the pans and bowls were set down with such force sometimes that Polly could not imagine what had happened to so change her usually placid demeanor. Warming her cold fingers at the fire, she watched her wonderingly, longing to ask what was wrong, but unable to get up sufficient courage, for Aunt Nancy, as sole autocrat of the kitchen, held the reins over her domain with some austerity, and woe to the unfortunate who asked what she considered an idle question.

Finally, however, she herself began to speak, though in a tone quite different from the placid one Polly was accustomed to hear.

"Anyway," she commenced, addressing one of the servants who sat at the table stoning raisins for her, and going on apparently with something of which they had been speaking before; "anyway, Mistress Hubbard says she's dreadfully sorry it ever happened in her house," and the girl nodded sympathetically. "And I should think she would be sorry!" Aunt Nancy went on stormily. "Just to think of any one saying that a person she'd invited into her own house, one of her own guests, had stolen his daughter's hairpin! It's my private opinion that judge, or governor, or whatever he is, Van Tassnar doesn't know more than half the time what he is

saying anyhow," and Aunt Nancy's big spoon fairly flew through the creamy batter. "They do say, and I shouldn't wonder a bit if it's true, it would be just like him exactly if it was,—they say that he never did like that Thornton—Colonel Thornton, isn't it? It didn't matter if he was as brave as General Washington himself, and a good soldier, and handsome, too. He hadn't money enough; he was too poor altogether. And Colonel wouldn't do; of course not," with increasing irony. "Oh no; it must be Lord this or Duke that,—his daughter must marry some English noble with his thousand acres, and a bad lot they all are, every one of them. And he took this way to break it off. Said he stole his daughter's pin!"

The cake was ready to be baked now, and Aunt Nancy waited until it was safely disposed of in the big brick oven.

Then she continued, as she slowly closed the oven door:—

"Well, I only hope that poor pretty Miss Dorothy will get over it. Her father just wrote to him, they say, and told him he needn't ever see her or say a word to her again. Didn't tell him why, or anything, but just that, and they never heard a word from him. She takes it dreadfully hard, and I don't wonder, poor thing!"

Polly had come nearer and nearer as the story went on, and now she stood leaning against the table, listening.

"Why, child, what is the matter?" exclaimed Aunt Nancy, as she noticed her flushed cheeks and excited eyes.

"Have you swept any since that night, the night they had the reception, I mean,—or dusted any?" asked Polly, eagerly. Surprise deepened into scorn on Aunt Nancy's face.

"Swept any! Swept!" she repeated. "Why, child, what kind of people do you think we are here? Swept any! Of course we have, every single Friday. We always sweep on Fridays, and always have."

But Polly did not seem to hear.

"I believe I know where that pin is. I want to see Mrs. Hubbard."

Then, in the quiet keeping room, Polly heard the whole story: how Miss Van Tassnar had missed the pin, how they had looked for it everywhere, but had failed to find it, how then a large reward had been offered by Governor Van Tassnar to any one who would restore it, "for you know he valued it greatly, Polly. It was Queen Anne's once, and besides, it was

worth a great deal of money, a very great deal." How when even that failed to disclose the missing pin, they had been forced to come to the conclusion that Colonel Thornton must have taken it away with him,—stolen it. For hadn't one of the gentlemen seen it in his hand? And why, if he did not mean to keep it, had he never sent it back? Of course it was very sad, and poor Miss Dorothy felt very badly about it, for she had thought a great deal of Colonel Thornton, and it was believed that they had hoped to be married some time. But now that was all over, and she would probably never see him again,—at least her father wished it to be so.

"Oh, Mrs. Hubbard!" cried Polly, "if you will only let me go into the parlor a minute, I believe I know where the pin is. At least, I know he put it there that night."

Into the dim parlor Polly stepped, followed by every one in the house, surprise and curiosity in every face. But they paused near the door, and Polly crossed the room alone.

Her heart beat fast as she went directly over to the big fireplace.

What if the pin should not be there, after all? But she knew it must be, she was sure. She climbed up in a chair and slipped her hand behind the picture on the mantel. Her fingers touched something lying there, and a moment afterward she gave the pin, covered with dust, but as delicately beautiful as ever, to Mrs. Hubbard.

It was only a few weeks afterward that a carriage stopped in front of the little brown house, and a young lady stepped out and entered.

"And now, my dear child," continued Miss Van Tassnar, after everything had been explained and Mrs. Harding had had it impressed upon her that it was absolutely necessary for her to receive the reward to be given to the finder of the pin, "and now, I have one more thing to ask."

She paused a moment, then continued:—

"I have come especially to ask you to be my bridesmaid, my best bridesmaid. For we are to be married soon, and you must be there. You see the charm was a true one," she whispered, "and the pin did bring good fortune after all."

CHARLOTTE B. HERR, 1900.

A LOBSTER STORY.

All the breath and the bloom of the air was of lobster. She had been chopping and whacking at it almost half a day, and it seemed no nearer at an end than at the beginning. On the contrary, it had very evidently increased in size, for every available utensil on her desk was filled with its fragments.

"Easily twelve baskets full," she murmured, wearily. "Loaves and fishes are nothing to it."

All her little instruments, so sharp and shining in the morning, had lost their edge and lustre, and were continually dropping upon the floor. The girl across the aisle had long since stopped picking them up for her. Her diagram book, at the bottom of the pile on her desk, was as yet illustrated only by the marks of her futile dabs for her pinchers, scissors, or forceps, and she heaved a great sigh as she saw the girl next to her finish the nervous system with a great flourish of red ink, and walk up to the front of the room to have it approved. If she had been watching the operation, she might have noticed that the model for said design had not been in the lobster, but in the drawer of said clever lady's desk. But she was innocent, for she hadn't many upper class friends.

She heard the whistles blowing, and couldn't believe it could be only twelve, until she heard the girl in front of her make the same observation aloud. She looked at the still struggling thing in the odious little pan before her, and gave a shiver of disgust at the thought of playing with it half a day more.

"If it would only crawl away," she thought, "we'd both be much happier."

So she hung it carefully on the edge of the pan, placing its queer little legs, still unfathomed mysteries to her, in the most useful positions she could invent for them. But it only kept on wriggling as if it were ticklish, and showed no inclination to walk abroad. She turned her chair slowly around, and gazed sleepily at the varied forms of inanimate life grouped in picturesque attitudes in the cabinets at the back of the room.

"And they were all just as crawling and hideous sometime," she thought, "how awful people would look." She shuddered, and looked away,

her glance falling directly upon One, carefully balanced upon two legs of a chair in the back of the room, a large book poised in hand, which evidently did not inspire the gaze of the eyes for they were tightly closed.

"Well!" she thought, "I have still a little more self-control," and she twirled around to the front again and fell with renewed vigor to the pleasing task of jerking off the cephalothorax of her companion in misery. But her fingers were sore and stiff, her scissors dull, and the back of the beast most uncommonly tough; and every time she paused for breath, and to push the hair out of her eyes, an increased sense of blankness filled her soul.

But she poked on more and more blindly, her head nodding with every jerk of her scissors, until finally, after making an inexcusable excavation in the interior before her, she aroused herself with a little start, for the beast, squirming round in her hands, and laying one of its eyes upon its back, gazed reproachfully at her.

"Perhaps you do not realize that you are seriously impeding my breath," it remarked, in an injured tone, "to say nothing of exposing my most delicate parts to the outer air."

"I beg your pardon! I beg your pardon!" she stammered, dropping her scissors, and hastily joining the cephalothorax back into place.

"Don't mention it," replied the lobster, carefully replacing his eye; "I realized that your action was unintentional, for you have been most gentle with me until lately."

"But that was only because I was scared," she cried, eagerly, "you squirmed so! I really must get used to you, and cut you open. You aren't alive, you know. These are merely reflex actions that you make."

The lobster for reply turned a flip-flap and stood upright in the pan. "Of all the females with whom I have ever come in contact," said he, "and they have been many,—you are the most hopelessly idiotic. Because I do not carry my soul in my brain and my brain in my head, you take it for granted that my type of life is absolutely different from yours. Because your own poor little life is bound up in that soul of yours, which is so flimsily attached to your body that with the slightest jolt it is knocked out, you fancy that *my* life is just as unstable an element. How much longer do you think we have been living upon this earth than your race of man? Just as much longer as it has taken man to degenerate from a lobster. Do you think

that in all that time we have not learned to get a firmer grasp on this 'life' which you propose to value so highly, and yet give up so readily? With us soul means life,—and life, soul. It is the element in every cell of our body which defies explanation. Tear us into a thousand pieces, still we live. Yet you, with your infantile and degenerated theories of life, imagine that with one plunge of the steel we exist no longer. Kindly allow me to prove my theory!"—and leaning forward, it grabbed her by the shoulder.

She started violently and gave a little scream. "Sleeping!" said a voice in her ear. She looked up wildly, then down at the pan. The lobster was still carefully poised on the edge of it. She put her hand to her head to steady her thoughts, and it met a tuft of lobster in her hair.

She rose unceremoniously, sending her instruments flying in every direction. "Excuse me!" she said, and walked to the door.

Lurching against another desk in the aisle, she noticed the lobster on it waving imploringly at her as she passed. "Don't touch that lobster," she said to the girl bending over it. "Don't you see it's alive?"

"Nonsense," said the other; "it just wiggles,—it's been dead three hours." She caught the girl in the chair by the shoulder, and looked her fiercely in the eye. "*I* know all about it," she said in a low tense tone. "*It* just told me. You knew it, too, when you were a lobster, but now you're only a girl. It is always alive. You *can't* kill it."

"You had better go to bed," said the girl in the chair in a frightened tone. "Can't I take you down?"

The other snorted proudly and passed on. As she opened the door she looked back. And the lobster winked at her. '98.

EDITORIALS.

I.

On entering upon its editorial duties the Magazine Board of '98 wishes to extend its heartiest thanks to the departing Board, not only for its words of welcome through this column and the unexpected provision of the leading article and a story for this number,—a kindness which the coming months will help us to appreciate,—but for the advice and assistance which its individual members have been so willing to give. It is not only a pleasure but an inspiration to take the work from such hands, and we do so with the most earnest desire to make it acceptable in the eyes of the College and its alumnæ.

II.

May the Magazine, on behalf of the class of '98, offer its congratulations to '97 on the recent granting of the petition for a senior vacation. This privilege, which for several years has been so earnestly desired by each successive class as it sees the approach of the last weeks of seniordom, we are glad it has fallen to the lot of '97 to secure. As the days of college life grow fewer and fewer the ties that mark that life grow more and more vital. That warmer, less tangible side of our life at college begins to overshadow the sterner scholastic aspect, and the upper class girl resents the predominance the latter claims over the former. She begins to feel that that work to which she has for the better part of four years given first place should now by rights yield in favor of the love for Alma Mater's beauties and of those friendships whose depth shows clearer as the time of their breaking-off approaches. These feelings, though most keenly felt, of course, by the girl who wears the cap and gown, are none the less appreciated to the full by her under-class mates. Hence '98 feels sure that in thus expressing her satisfaction at the success of '97's quest, whether it be true, as Herbert Spencer might maintain, that we rejoice with her only because we see ourselves enjoying a future senior vacation, or whether it be honest contentment at the thought that those so soon to turn their tassel to the other side are to have a day or two to tie up their papers, pack away their tea-cups and

say a leisurely farewell to their friends,—whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that '97 has the best of wishes and the heartiest of hand-shakes from the rest of the "student body."

III.

Ninety-seven's recent successful encounter with the perplexing problem of senior vacation has shown the strong common sense of interviewing individual members of the faculty before sending in a petition to the Academic Council. Hitherto we have been in the habit of writing a concise petition which voices our needs or desires in the briefest possible way and submitting it for consideration with no word of explanation. This method has two decided disadvantages. In the first place, the professors may not understand the real meaning of the petition. Naturally they have to make the best of the bare facts and decide as they think proper, often much to our discomfort. We owe a certain amount of consideration to human inability to see through the external form of a request. The Academic Council always wants to look beyond and behind the words and find out the real motive. As so many of us have, perhaps, learned to our sorrow, there is a tendency to misinterpret words, so a "definition of terms" here, as in other interesting documents, is necessary. Although our plans are, to our deep regret, only too well known among the students at large, it is occasionally but a confused echo that reaches the ears of our esteemed professors. Sometimes it is worse than mere vagueness; it may be that accidental rumors have misrepresented our good intentions—we always have good intentions, don't we?—and the consequence is damaging to the success of our appeal. Of course we cannot always expect a favorable reply to our requests even if their motive is understood. Such a prospect has too much the delusive unreality of a much-desired Eldorado. But if the Council is thoroughly canvassed beforehand their objections to the plan as proposed in outlines by its enthusiastic advocates can at least be definitely stated. This is where our second and greatest advantage comes: we have a chance to see the other side. Then, of course, two roads are open to us. If we find opposition united and strong, as it was with regard to the Junior Prom. last year, we can retire gracefully, suppress the petition, and spare the Academic Council the

pain of refusing, and—what seems much more important—ourselves the mortification of failure. The other course, however, is generally practicable, always pleasanter. We reconsider, make a virtue of necessity, accept suggestions or amendments, and send in a modified petition with a sure knowledge of its successful passage. Very often such reconstruction interferes only with details or with the literal aspect of the appeal, the real spirit can still be preserved. Perhaps, and it is a golden possibility, we can overcome all the objections urged. Persuasive powers are not generally lacking in the average college girl when her mind is firmly set on attaining her object. Whatever the practical result as compared with the bare petition, the preliminary interview is always more reasonable, decidedly more good-natured and surely more successful—and is not this what we want?

IV.

The lecture on Kipling's poetry recently given in the chapel by Mr. Burton was one of the most enjoyable of its kind we have been favored with this year. In spite of the fact that the very sound of "lecture" has a suggestiveness not the most novel and attracting to a college world, the name and reputation of the speaker and his far from hackneyed theme were sufficient to fill the chapel. Mr. Burton's unconventional, half-conversational manner and easy raciness of style were, to judge by the sometimes audible approval during the hour and the enthusiastic comments later, more than welcome to his hearers. The author whose poetry Mr. Burton had chosen for his talk is, perhaps, best known to the majority of us by those unique prose tales the "Jungle Stories"; and perhaps to a less degree by the semi-ballads interspersed between these tales. To some of us at least, the selections of Mr. Kipling's poetry that Mr. Burton read so well that afternoon opened up an entirely new part of the author's workshop. Mr. Burton seemed to rank Mr. Kipling among the best balladists English literature has ever known and among the very foremost of its living poets. Though this was a somewhat startling statement at first thought, yet it soon came to appear a dictum worthy of all acceptation, not alone because of the weight of the opinion of such an acknowledged critic as Mr. Burton is, but also because of those strikingly virile qualities of the poet which Mr. Burton enumerated and exemplified

from the "Seven Seas"—that sweep and massiveness, that vigorous optimism, as well as that exceeding niceness of phrasing, all of which went to prove Mr. Kipling's high place as a poet for women as well as for men.

FREE PRESS.

I.

THE students of Wellesley College appreciate deeply the many instances where friction in details of management has been lessened of late through the thoughtfulness of the officers of the College. We gravely say we understand its worth, yet when the lessening of friction must come through us do we not fail to take the initiative?

The particular case which I have in mind is the nuisance caused by girls waiting for mail in the post office during distribution hours. The post office is small—particularly so in consideration of the fact that the entire population of the College goes there at the same times,—but it is much more so when at these busy periods a dozen girls plant themselves in that narrow little box, stationary and exasperating fixtures. Then it is unbearable. That they have such lack of grace as to be willing to brand themselves as hopelessly thoughtless, must simply come from that characteristic.

If the fierce denunciation of one long betrampled, bejostled, and belated sufferer is too weak a prick to urge them out to the corridor walls, the elevator centre, where they may join the large majority, let us bestir ourselves, let us ply them with Free Press articles until the favorite pages of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE become their very horror.

T-F-Y, '97.

II.

THE article by H., '97, in the Free Press of the March number of the Magazine met a hearty response in my mind, as I doubt not it did in many. I quite agree with the views there expressed as to opening the records and allowing students to know their marks, and would say that a large number of students with whom I have spoken on the subject, are of the same opinion.

It seems to me that a great part of the worry and nervousness which are a lamentable characteristic of Wellesley girls, is due to uncertainty as to

their standing, and would be removed if we could have access to our records. Moreover, it would be possible to do special work to much better advantage if one could know where time and energy were being spent more than is necessary. We should be able to put less effort on subjects for which we care little, and reserve our best energies for our chosen line of work. So we might be delivered from respectable mediocrity.

The rivalry which exists in high schools on account of marks would hardly be likely to arise among college women, who may be supposed to have arrived at a point of view where it is realized that each student's work is individual, and stands or falls by its own merits. Does it not, in fact, seem a little childish that college women may not be trusted to know their marks, lest they should quarrel over them?

I believe that if students who desired it were permitted definitely to know their standing, not only would the health and happiness of students be benefited, but the standard of scholarship in the College would be raised by more specialized work. If the many students who think likewise would make public their views, we might hope for some reform in this matter.

G. S., '98.

III.

It is scarcely possible, in a community of seven hundred college students, that only one or two should have any gift for verse making. Yet, from the unavailing efforts to obtain local songs, such would seem to be the case. Whether it is from pressure of academic work, or from lack of interest in the matter, we do not know; but while in other colleges, men's and women's alike, local songs are constantly being written and sung, it is almost useless to ask for them here.

"Never Broke a Regulation" has become threadbare in the service, while the jokes in "Boo hoo," and "A Model College Girl," are connected with happenings so far back that we cannot tell what some of them mean.

The Glee Club, after many fruitless quests among its friends for rhymes, and after seeing its hopes dashed to the ground by broken promises, wishes to make a public appeal through the columns of the Magazine. Any songs with or without the music, serious or humorous, will be gratefully received.

Will you not help us to make the concert next June a success in this one respect? Or shall we "sing the old songs" again?

Amelia M. Ely, '98.

IV.

What do the readers of the Free Press think of a recent criticism on college women, *i. e.*, that they "think themselves especially designed by Providence to reform the world"? To what degree is this true, and if true, is it desirable?

The woman who made the criticism was herself a college graduate, and she expressed regret that the tendency of preachers and of some educators is to picture to college students, and to women more than to men, a world waiting for their zealous efforts in its behalf. That it needs their devoted lives she did not question, but to her mind there is a self-consciousness induced by such teaching that does much harm.

It may have been some humiliating recollections of her own attempts to regenerate Society, that brought forth this opinion from a woman who is deeply interested in all that college women think and do. She admitted that in the process of evolution this phase might be outgrown, but she was not willing to consider it a necessary stage.

B. '90.

V.

Somebody asked me the other day if I didn't think that the interest felt here in the college settlements was merely superficial. She said it seemed to her that, if the College Settlement principles were truly an inspiration to us, we of the Association would put it into practice toward those who touch our lives at Wellesley. There is not exactly any reason for believing that our somewhat uninteresting fellow-student is not quite as much our sister, and quite as glad of our friendliness, as any of the neighbors of Denison House. To be sure, the latter will not forget the difference between us, and the former may; but if the College Settlement idea means anything to us, it certainly must mean that the girls who sit next to us in the class room and live across the corridor from us, have a strong claim on our interest and our fellowship. It is a pity, and worse than a pity, if we can dare to take up as a mere fad what is true and earnest work to anyone.

A Member of the College Settlement Association.

EXCHANGES.

With most of the Exchanges the work of the old magazine board ends with March, and the result of the elections for the new board is published. "The king is dead. Long live the King!"

The *Smith Monthly* for March has an unusually small amount of fiction. Of the serious articles a careful and sympathetic study of The Saint Matthew Passion of Johann Sebastian Bach will be of interest to all music lovers. A short article on George Eliot's Mr. Casaubon, is interesting for its somewhat unusual point of view. The Editorial for this month is worth noticing as a protest against a shameful institution for nourishing the practice of literary thieving, which is found in too many of our colleges. We quote the last paragraph in regard to this infamous organization.

"It is time that there were started among the colleges some organized movement for the suppression of this disgraceful firm. The members of our schools and colleges ought to refuse in a body that such an organization as that in Tiffin, Ohio, should feed itself upon those students who chance to be either dishonest or feeble minded."

The *Amherst Lit.* contains a story illustrating from the inside the sort of work which goes on in one of the "great confidential agencies for literary productions," already referred to in the *Smith Monthly*.

The *Amherst Lit.* has also an article which describes an institution far more pleasant to contemplate. This article is a most sympathetic review of the book entitled "Care and Culture of Men," by Dr. Jordan, President of the largest university in the West,—a university run, not on principles of expediency and immediate utility, but "maintaining doctrines which depend on high belief in the essential soundness and sanity of young men, and in the worth of individualistic living, and in the power of inspiration."

The *Lit.* contains two good stories, "A Light Woman," and "Virtue and Champagne," both written in a bright, lively style, but with serious meaning.

The *Dartmouth Lit.* contains a story which is noteworthy because it is a little sketch of college life—something we too rarely find in our college magazines; it is called "A Day with the Enemy."

In the *Vassar Miscellany* we note "The Collar Jewel Box" as a gracefully told story, although the plot lacks originality. "My Hosts in the Swiss Alps," a short story of adventure, possesses considerable dramatic interest.

The *University of Virginia Magazine* contains an exceedingly romantic and improbable story, entitled, "A Spanish Romance." The best thing in the magazine is a short romantic sketch, "An Idyl of the Sea." The verses called "Early March" have caught the spirit of the season well.

The Washington's Birthday number of the *Red and Blue* comes to us with two or three strong historical articles. The magazine is made attractive by its illustrations, but it forms a striking contrast to the majority of college magazines in its almost utter lack of lighter matter. The few sketches which are intended to be light, fall rather heavily, and there is not a single story in the number. The poem called, "The Child is Father to the Man," is noteworthy for sweetness of sentiment and grace of expression.

The *Trinity Tablet* for this month is rather lacking in originality and freshness of thought. Even the verse goes back for subject matter to the classics. The "Aphrodite" is a poem of some music and color, but throughout the number we do not feel a breath of the spring weather nor of the individuality which it usually seems to inspire.

The *Bachelor of Arts* has an interesting article on Dartmouth and Webster, and several lighter articles, the best of which, "The Experience of an Amateur Etcher," is full of the most delicious humor.

From the *Smith College Monthly* we clip the following:—

VERSES.

Dream-mother, I kneel on the stool at your feet
With my eyelids closed, and my face in your lap—
Your lap where the soft dream garments fold
Scented with memories of yesterday's sweet,
Shedding forgetfulness silent as dreams,
Dim with the mists from the stillness of sleep.

My dream-eyes see deep, where my day eyes are dull;
I watch, Dream-mother, where the grey folk dwell,
Through the rift whence the angel demon fell;

Below—below—he flits without rest,
With eyes that are blind. Blind eyes in the soul
Darken your face, mother, harden your breast.

Then your hand on my hair; and the summer is come,
With boughs of the apple-trees wove 'gainst the blue;
The lilac-blooms droop with their heavy perfume,
And my dream-ears can hear the sound of their bloom,—
So far and soft that the wordless tune
Drops into silence before it is caught.

When you blow your breath across my brow
I see how the good God made the world
After the perfect scheme of his mind.
And falling asleep into life again
(When you brush my hair away from my face—
When you drop my hand, and are hid for a space),
I may not know, nor remember true—

For the body is coarse and plays me false.
But the soul within is thrice as glad
For the sense of the sweet harmonious whole
That you hold in your bosom, mother of me,
The world and its life and the mystery."

BOOK REVIEWS.

The College Year-Book and Athletic Record for the academic year 1896–97, compiled and edited by Edwin Emerson, Jr. Price, postpaid, $2. New York: Stone and Kimball. The "College Year-Book" is a complete catalogue and description of all American universities, colleges, and schools of learning qualified to confer degrees. In addition, under the title of Miscellany, many items of collegiate interest are given. A list of academic and professional degrees, with their abbreviations; lists of college cheers, yells, colors, publications, politics during the recent presidential campaign, intercollegiate debates and sports; together with a short history of the university extension movement, with statistics of education and illiteracy; with dates of old universities down to 1636; with tables showing most frequented universities during last year, and the proportion of college students attending colleges of their own states; and finally, with a personal index of all professors, instructors and college officers employed,—all these facts make the book of great use

to anyone desiring information regarding such matters. It is admirably arranged and may fill a long-felt want with many.

The First Systematic Scientific Study of Domestic Service, by Lucy Maynard Salmon, Professor of History at Vassar College. 12mo. cloth. Price, $2.00. New York: The Macmillan Co. All who are interested in the study of domestic service should read Miss Salmon's new book based on information obtained by sending out through a period of two years a series of blanks, one to be filled out by employers, one by employees, and one asking for miscellaneous information from many who are supposed to have exceptional opportunities for forming judgments on the subject. The book deals with such topics as the following: The history of domestic service in this country with its changing aspects; the scales of wages paid to domestic servants; difficulties in domestic service from the standpoint of the employer; from the standpoint of the servants; advantages in domestic service; its social disadvantages; doubtful remedies which have been proposed and occasionally tried; possible remedies and general principles underlying them. In conclusion, the book makes a strong plea for a further scientific study of the industry, and for the recognition of its place in the industrial field on the part of statisticians and economic specialists.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The First Principles of Natural Philosophy, by A. E. Dolbear, M.E., Ph.D., Professor of Physics and Astronomy, Tufts College, Mass. Ginn & Co.

The College Year-Book and Athletic Record, for the academic year 1896–1897, compiled and edited by Edwin Emerson, Jr. Price, postpaid, $2.00. Stone and Kimball.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Mar. 1.—Mr. John S. Woolley lectured at half past seven in the chapel on "Christian Citizenship."

Mar. 4.—The newspapers told us that President McKinley was inaugurated. The event was not otherwise noticed.

Mar. 5.—A regular meeting of the Barn Swallows was held in the gymnasium at quarter past eight in the evening. The entertainment of the evening consisted of a programme of vocal music given by the following well-known members of the "Smith Family:"—

Pa Smith	Betty Scott, '98.
Ma Smith	Amelia M. Ely, '98.
Sissy	Grace Bissell, 1900.
Bub	Ethel Cobb, '99.
Uncle John	Jessica Braley, '98.
Widow Smith	Margaretta Boas, '98.
Bubby	Mary Oliphant, 1900.
Baby	Frances Hoyt, '98.

Mar. 6.—Holiday. The College for the most part deserted.

Mar. 7.—Rev. Borden P. Bowne preached in the chapel at eleven o'clock.

Mar. 8.—Concert. Miss Andrews, assisted by Mr. Wulf Fries, 'cello-ist, and Mr. C. W. Allen, violinist.

Mar. 13.—Mr. Frank A. Hill spoke in the chapel at 4.15 on "Modern Demands on Teachers." At the invitation of the Shakespeare Society the College attended a lecture and reading by Professor Southwick in the evening.

Mar. 14.—Bishop Potter preached in chapel at the regular morning service.

Mar. 15.—A candy sale for the benefit of a missionary in the South was conducted by the Christian Association in the gymnasium Monday afternoon. A scene from "Alice in Wonderland," given on a previous meeting of the Barn Swallows, was repeated on this occasion. Owing to the efficient work done by members of the faculty and students alike, the sum of $114.55 was raised. In the evening there was a reading by Mr. James Lane Allen, to which the Phi Sigma Society had invited the College public. Mr. Allen read several selections from a story as yet unpublished.

Mar. 16.—The College Glee Club gave a concert in the village for the benefit of the Congregational Church. The programme was varied by read-

ings by Mrs. Margaret Custer Calhoun of New York. After the concert the Glee Club was hospitably entertained by the ladies of the church.

Mar. 17.—Mrs. Nathan spoke in the chapel at 4.15 on "Abuses Prevailing in our Retail Stores." Mrs. Nathan is the advocate of a reform movement started among the large stores in New York for the prevention of these abuses. The object of the movement is to institute a system of boycott against such stores as refuse to adopt reformed methods to insure the safety and health of the shopgirls.

Mar. 20.—At 4.15 Mr. Richard Burton spoke in the chapel on Kipling's Poetry, using illustrations from the poet's latest ballad book, "The Seven Seas."

Mar. 21.—Bishop Hurst preached in chapel at the morning service.

Mar. 22.—In the afternoon the Class of '98 gave its reception to the Class of 1900. The entertainment provided was in the shape of "A Masque of Culture," played by twelve members of the junior class. The cast of characters was as follows:—

Confucius	Betty Scott.
Socrates	Grace Hoge.
Minerva	Frances Hoyt.
Cassandra	Ethel Bach.
Portia	Maud Almy.
Hypatia	Rachel Hoge.
Zenobia	Jane Cool.
Lady Jane Grey	Mary Malone.
Charlotte of Boston	Louise Wood.
Gertrude of New York	Martha Dalzell.
Maximilia Stantmore	Louise Barker.
Messenger	Anna Vose.

As to the success of the play, modesty forbids the expression of opinion by the present editorial board. Suffice it to say, that to the eyes of the freshman class, as yet undazzled by varied collegiate attempts in the theatrical line, the performance seemed on the whole quite satisfactory.

The Classes of '97 and '99 received the customary invitation to the dress rehearsal at one o'clock.

In the evening Mme. Szumowska-Adamowski gave a piano recital in the chapel.

Mar. 24.—The term closed amid great rejoicing. The papers handed in on this and the previous day were too numerous to mention.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The following is the programme of the Phi Sigma Society meeting held February 20 :—

Celtic Folk Lore.

I. Celtic Superstition seen in Celtic "Twilight," Mary Goldthwait.
II. Fairy Tales.
  a. The Tale of the Children of Lir . . Martha Dalzell.
  b. The Greek Princess . . . . Betty Scott.
III. Song . . . . Amelia M. Ely and Betty Scott.
IV. Fairy Tales.
  a. Legend of Knock Grafton . . Amelia M. Ely.
  b. Fair, Brown and Trembling . . Emily Baxter.
V. Celtic Imagination in Celtic Stories . . Bertha Wetherbee.
VI. Music . . . . . Alma Seipp.

There were present at the meeting, Helen James O'Brian, '95, Frances Pullen, '96, Abbie Paige, '96, and Theresa Huntington, '96.

A programme meeting of the Phi Sigma Society was held March 10 :—

Celtic Heathendom.

I. The Religion of the Princes . . . Kate Tibbals.
II. Celtic Inheritance from Mythologies of the Past . . . . . Mabel Eddy.
III. Music.
IV. Great Epic Cycles—Cuchulaine—Finn . Clara Shaw.
V. Music . . . . . Alma Seipp.

A regular meeting of the Society Tau Zeta Epsilon was held March 3. The following programme was presented:—

Photography.

I. The Process and its History . . . Louise Barker.
II. Indoor Work—Portraits . . . Margaret Weed.
III. Outdoor Work—Landscapes . . Bernice Kelly.
IV. Micro-Photography . . . . Grace Sutherland.

A meeting of Society Tau Zeta Epsilon was held Saturday, March 20. The subject was Caricature Drawing. The following papers were read:—

I. History of Caricature . . . . Augusta Fordham.
II. American Caricaturists . . . . Mabel Wood.

At a regular meeting of Society Zeta Alpha, held March 20, the following programme was presented:—

Foreign Drama.

I. A Comparison Between Dumas and Ibsen . Floyd Smith.
II. Maeterlinck . . . . . Katherine Wetmore.
III. Contributions of the French Stage to our Drama . . . . . Edith Tewksbury.
Current Topic—The Famine in India . . Franc Foote.
Dramatic Representation from Maeterlinck's "Princess Maleine" . . . Grace Hoge, Eliza Craig.

The Classical Society held its regular programme meeting March 20. The subject was Latin Comedy.

I. Plautus . . . . . Julia D. Randall.
II. Personality and Art of Plautus . . Helen Bogart.
III. Selections from "Mostellaria" . { Mary H. Mirick. M. Edith Ames. Hester D. Nichols.

Nellie L. Fowler was initiated into the Society on February 12, and Grace Linscott on March 12.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Florence Soule, '89, is teaching again this year in Barre, Vermont.

Elsie Thalheimer, '89, is still with the American Book Company in New York. Her address is Rutherford, N. J. Box 216.

Alice M. Libby, '89, is teaching Greek in the Northfield Seminary.

Dr. Edith Sturgis, '89, is practicing medicine in Chicago. Her address is 5601 Washington Avenue.

Jeanette Welch, '89, took her Ph.D. in Physiology in August, 1896, from the University of Chicago. She is now teaching in Duluth, Minn.

Susie Wilcox, '89, is assistant principal in the High School, Springfield, Ill.

Clem Winnie Orr, '89, is still teaching in the High School, Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sibley announce the engagement of their daughter, Charlotte Thorndike, B.A., '91, M.A., '94, to Mr. Henry Hoyt Hilton, formerly of Boston, now of Chicago.

Bessie Greenman, '92, is studying Physics and Mathematics at the Boston Institute of Technology.

Pauletta Guffey, '92, is tutoring private pupils at her home in Pittsburg, Penn.

Margaret Lauder, '92, is teaching Mathematics at Temple Grove Seminary, Saratoga, N. Y.

Mabel McDuffee is private secretary to the editor of the *School Physiology Journal*, Boston. Henrietta Mirick is assistant editor of the same paper.

Clarinda Merchant, '92, is teaching in a girls' school in Albany, N. Y.

Nettie Pullen, '92, is teaching in the Science Hill School, Shelbyville, Ky.

Flora Randolph, '92, is tutoring at Montecito, Cal.

Agnes Rowell, '92, is teaching Latin at Colby Academy, New London, N. H.

Mrs. Emily Smalley Arrington, '92, is conducting morning kindergarten classes in memory of her little son. Address, 41 Newbury Street, Malden, Mass.

Cora Smith, '92, is teaching in Middlebury, Vt.

Edna Spaulding, '92, is teaching in a New York private school. Address, 8 East 46th Street, New York.

Maud Straight, '92, is reorganizing the library at Dubuque, Ia.

Sophie Thorne, '92, has charge of the English department, Granger Place School, Canandaigua, N. Y.

Eliza Little, '92, is teaching Latin and Greek in the Pawtucket (R. I.) High School.

Anna W. Locke, '92, is studying medicine at Ann Arbor.

Jennie Loomis is studying art at her home in Windsor, Conn.

Kate Ward, '92, is teaching English at the Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The address of Mrs. Maud Hutchinson Babbitt, '92, is 789 Call Reconquista, Buenos Ayres, Argentina, South America.

Marion Canfield, '94, is librarian and secretary of the Staten Island Academy, New Brighton, Staten Island.

Florence K. Leatherbee, '95, is spending the winter abroad.

The new address of Jennie Ritner Beale, '96, is 821 Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Helen Sara Smith, '96, is teaching English in the Red Wing (Minn.) High School.

Sara C. Very, Sp., '75–76, is giving a course of lectures on the History of Music at the home of Mrs. Eugene Du Bois on Staten Island. Miss Very is giving a similar course in Morristown for the benefit of Evelyn College.

The February meeting of the New York Wellesley Club was held at the Women's University Club rooms, New York. Mr. Alpheus Hardy, of Boston, Treasurer of Wellesley College, spoke to the Club on the financial needs and condition of the College.

The March meeting of the Club was held at the College Settlement, 95 Rivington Street, New York. An interesting discussion was conducted by Mrs. George Plimpton on the book, "Sir George Tressady," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

It has been suggested that the College of to-day might be interested to know something of the relations between Professor Drummond and the class which made him an honorary member. After Professor Drummond had visited Wellesley in 1887, a well-known friend of the College advised '90 to elect him to her honorary membership. Naturally the young Class realized on which side the honor of such a proceeding would lie, and hesitated. But, after assurances that Professor Drummond would not be displeased, he was chosen.

The announcement of the action by the Class reached him as he was about to sail for home, and the following despatch was his response :—

"Nothing in this broad and generous land could give me greater pleasure than this most undeserved honor. I accept with deep gratitude. When this reaches you I shall be on the sea. Farewell."

After a long silence, in the early winter of 1889, the Class received a box from across the sea. It contained the white and gold author's edition of "The Greatest Thing in the World." Professor Drummond's letter, accompanying the gift, shows the spirit of the man :—

3 Park Circus, Glasgow, Dec. 10th, 1889.

To Class '90:—

My dear Fellow-Students.—I know from letters which I greatly prize, that you have not quite forgotten your fellow-student in Scotland. Be assured that through this long silence and from this far distance he often thinks of you with interest and gratitude. I never look at the beautiful Album of Wellesley views, with which your kindness has adorned my table, without

a great wish to be at Wellesley once more, and see you all before you go into the unknown. But the pressure of life and work increases, as it ought, and for the present, the long-cherished thought that I shall be with you again scarce seems as if it could be realized. I can therefore only send you this greeting from a heart charged with many high desires and wishes for you all. When the last term is over, and you are all scattered over the world,—little as you might think your simple action on my behalf could have such significance,—I know I shall miss something from my life. America will not be quite the same to me. For one so unknown to you, and so little worthy, to have had these years even a corner in your hearts, has been to me a quiet joy which I cannot express. What we most need in the world is friendship. None of us can have enough of that, or give enough; nor can we ever afford to lose the least of it, though it should only be a memory. My gratitude to you, therefore, is greater than you can know, and the memory of your kindness will ever abide with me.

What my wish is for you, you will find feebly expressed in the little memorial, which I hope you will each honor me by accepting, of an Address delivered when I was with you in the College Chapel. I have had it printed in this form especially for you, and though in a somewhat similar form it may find its way to others, it owes its existence mainly to a desire I have cherished since I left Wellesley, to send you some day a Christmas Card from over the sea. May I beg that the surplus copies be given to your professors, whom I remember with profound esteem and admiration, and who carry out so nobly the beautiful Latin motto of the College. For yourselves, and myself—what better can we wish for one another than that we should each live to know more, and enjoy more, and do more, of "The Greatest Thing in the World," and learn that it is in its service our true life lies. I remain,

Your very grateful fellow-student,

HENRY DRUMMOND.

When '90 graduated there seemed little likelihood of future connection as a Class with the busy worker, whose time the whole world claimed. But in the spring of 1893, while the Lowell lecture course was in progress in Boston, Mrs. Newman invited Professor Drummond and the members of '90 in the vicinity, to dine with Miss Shafer, at Norumbega.

The dozen or fifteen who could be present must always join with their appreciation of the man's work, the remembrance of his charming personality.

The evening was shared with the whole College, an address being given by Professor Drummond. The trend of the address was due to requests from several members of '90, and therefore was, perhaps, adapted to their needs first of all.

Owing to previous plans it was impossible to hold the regular triennial reunion of the Class at a time when Professor Drummond was free, so the Class, as a whole, never had a meeting with him. But as they read again the letter printed here they cannot feel that their connection was in name alone.

MARY BARROWS, '90.

MARRIAGES.

Pressey–Hogg.—In Rochester, N. Y., on the evening of December 16, 1896, Edna Frances Pressey, '94, to Mr. Charles Fobes Hogg, of Portland, Me.

BIRTHS.

In July, 1896, a daughter to Mrs. Harriet Gage Osborne, '92.

September 17, 1896, in Sault de Ste. Marie, Mich., a daughter, Charity Collette, to Mrs. Mary Collette Little Carman, '94.

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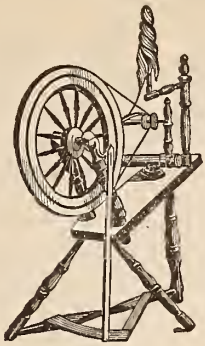

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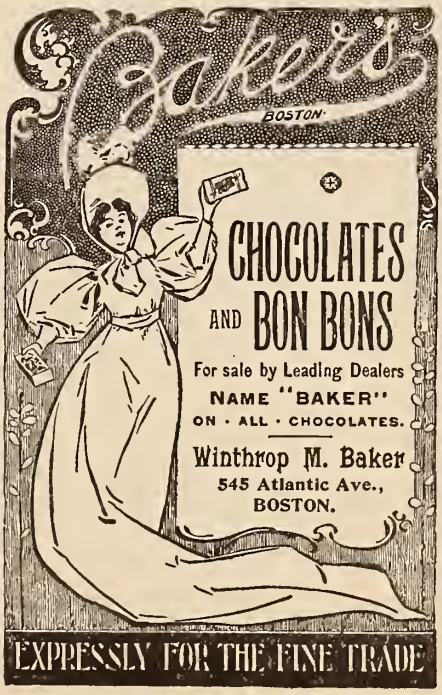

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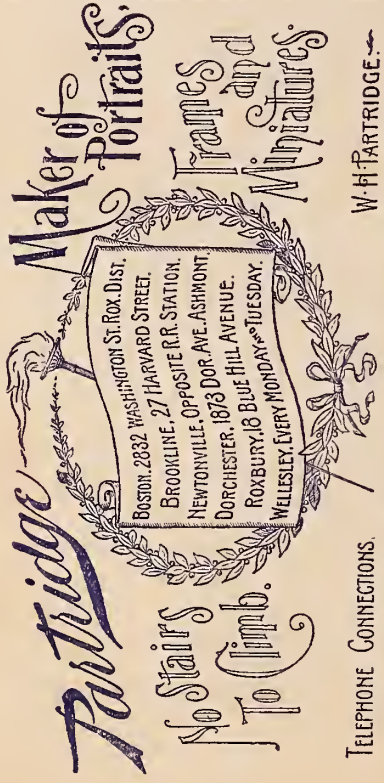

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